TO HIS EXCELLENCE,

RICHARD Earle of *ARRAN* &c.

LORD DEPUTY of *IRELAND*,

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POEM:

—— *Nec deficit alter*
Aureus, & simili frondescit virga metallo.

DUBLIN,

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To His Excellence

Richard *Earl of* Arran, *Lord Deputy of* Ireland:
On the occaſion of His Grace
James *Duke of* Ormonde &c. *Lord Lieutenant of the ſame*,
(*His father's*) *going for* England,
And leaving the Government to him.

HEnce the nice Witts that are ſo ſqueamiſh grown,
Nothing will down with them, but what 's their own:
It has been ſaid (yet tax'd) I *freeze*, and *burn*,
And the ſame inſtant, both *rejoyce*, and *mourn*.
And why (I pray) mayn't different notes agree?
Take away diſcords, where's the Harmony?

Both are met here: We mourn, one *Sun* gone *Eaſt*,
And joy, Another riſing in the *Weſt*:
Such —— ſuch, as had the Antient *Perſian*
View'd the *Parelia*, this double *Sun*
Had made him ſtagger at the ſmart ſurpriſe,
Nor yet reſolv'd, divide his ſacrifice.

'Tis

'Tis now paſt twenty times ſince th' *Ormonde* ſtem
Firſt brancht it ſelf in ſuch a Princely Beam;
And may it yet encreaſe; and multiply
It's ſcatter'd rayes, into a *Galaxy*.

Spread-Eagles joyn in body; *Luciſer*,
And *Veſper*, are the ſame alternate Star:
The Elements, *Caſtor* and *Pollux* too,
Relieve each other, and in that, ſtill new.

Nature had never made a ſecond day,
Without a nights repoſe; that ſhort allay,
Stampt us another, and that timely care
Stept in, and ſav'd the Infant-World's deſpair.

And now, 'tis but a day from *Sun*, to *Sun*;
The one takes up, the other, holds it on:
Seaſons, to *Seaſons* give a freſh ſupply;
The year abſolv'd, comes the *Epiphany*.

Such Your moſt noble Father (*Sir's*) with you;
He cloſes one, and you, begin the new:
And, be his Motions, yours, I'll boldly ſay,
The *Sun* withdrew, and yet We loſt no day.

J. Wilſon.

In Mr Shirleys admirable Copy of Verses dedicated to his Ex
the Earle of Strafford /

1639

Hence the Muse forth wheeled so squadrons ground
Nothing well bound with them but wheels their round

Twas wholesome counsell & and 'twas fairly done
to bid them their dull yard beyond they round
their pundy stomacks never would digest
his Mansoons stuff of kine his porters feast
but yett methinks 'twas prodigall to vomit
out of that slender shallow stork of wyne
thy hand in the yard might hand bond as well
hard Little Wilson hard dole dulce Dulcet
for who the drill with appetite would look
on such a dish & durst by such a Cook
who ran Eudora dost think to feed them
for an old thread bard simile to thy sum?
a thing the dew Phillis-sparrow dispise
& far more bright then the yard Calidis dyal
But then from thy parsley to scale
to swinged & Vespers worst of all
to heal thy mind with sowrapp & pirkl hard & legd
from sacred Pilly & the famous Hard.
Dull mad for — sure then didst it out of spight
to shew thy wit worst & wast ran poor & in court?
Needst them that salted Cub of thine brought in spite
to boast thy haughty Ignorance in both
thy thrasho word of in's Exchequer & rust
& rang the Nadir that disturbed his disgrace
his hand in deeds the Style may serve to show
what sun's in Cancer when in Scorpio
to help a writers Almanack dull fate
& marly-bone of Thems pyth Eswayld
But when first dies Salisbury poet kiss
the hands of priest in sure to style as this
A style whose panegyrick is abuse
who nothing but his windmills can excuse
for made bad is at least bad is posed
the Fidings Bilspurgar bound with his Cloak